

MARVEL

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SPIDER-MAN

THE LOST HUNT



DeMATTEIS
MESSIAS
BRABO
PETER
MENON



PETER PARKER was bitten by a radioactive spider and gained the proportional speed, strength, and agility of a SPIDER, adhesive fingertips and toes, and the unique precognitive awareness of danger called "SPIDER-SENSE"! After the tragic death of his Uncle Ben, Peter understood that with great power there must also come great responsibility. He became the crimefighting super hero called **SPIDER-MAN!**

Years later, after an altercation with the villain the **Jackal**, Peter was cloned. At this time, Peter, believing he was the clone, left New York City and the mantle of SPIDER-MAN to **Ben Reilly**. Peter and a pregnant **Mary Jane Watson-Parker** looked to begin a new life in Portland, Oregon. Now powerless, Peter Parker learns to live his life without...

SPIDER-MAN

THE LOST HUNT

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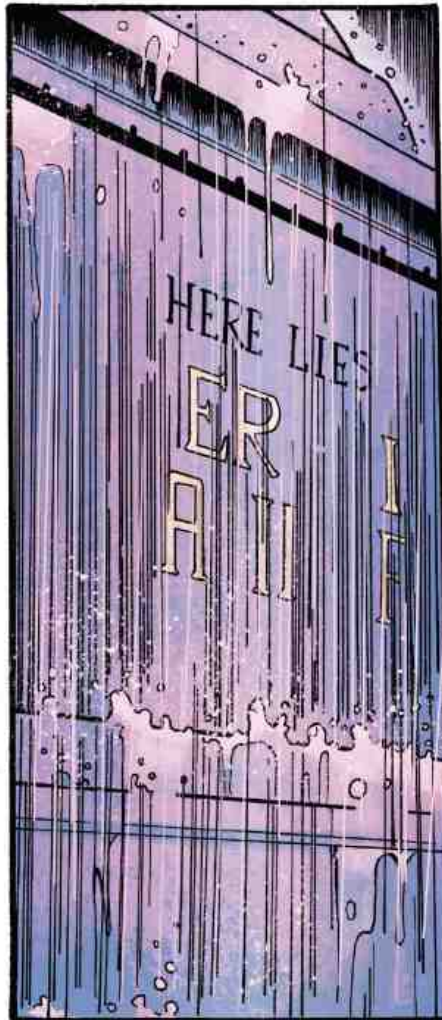
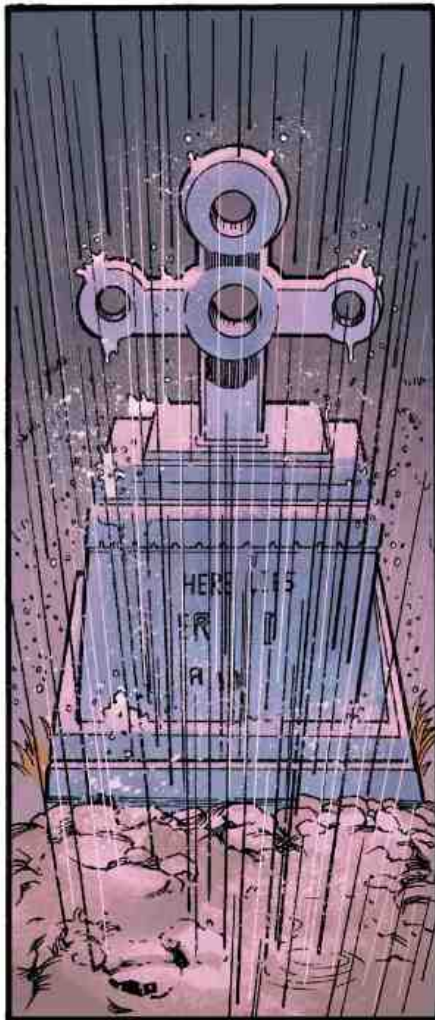
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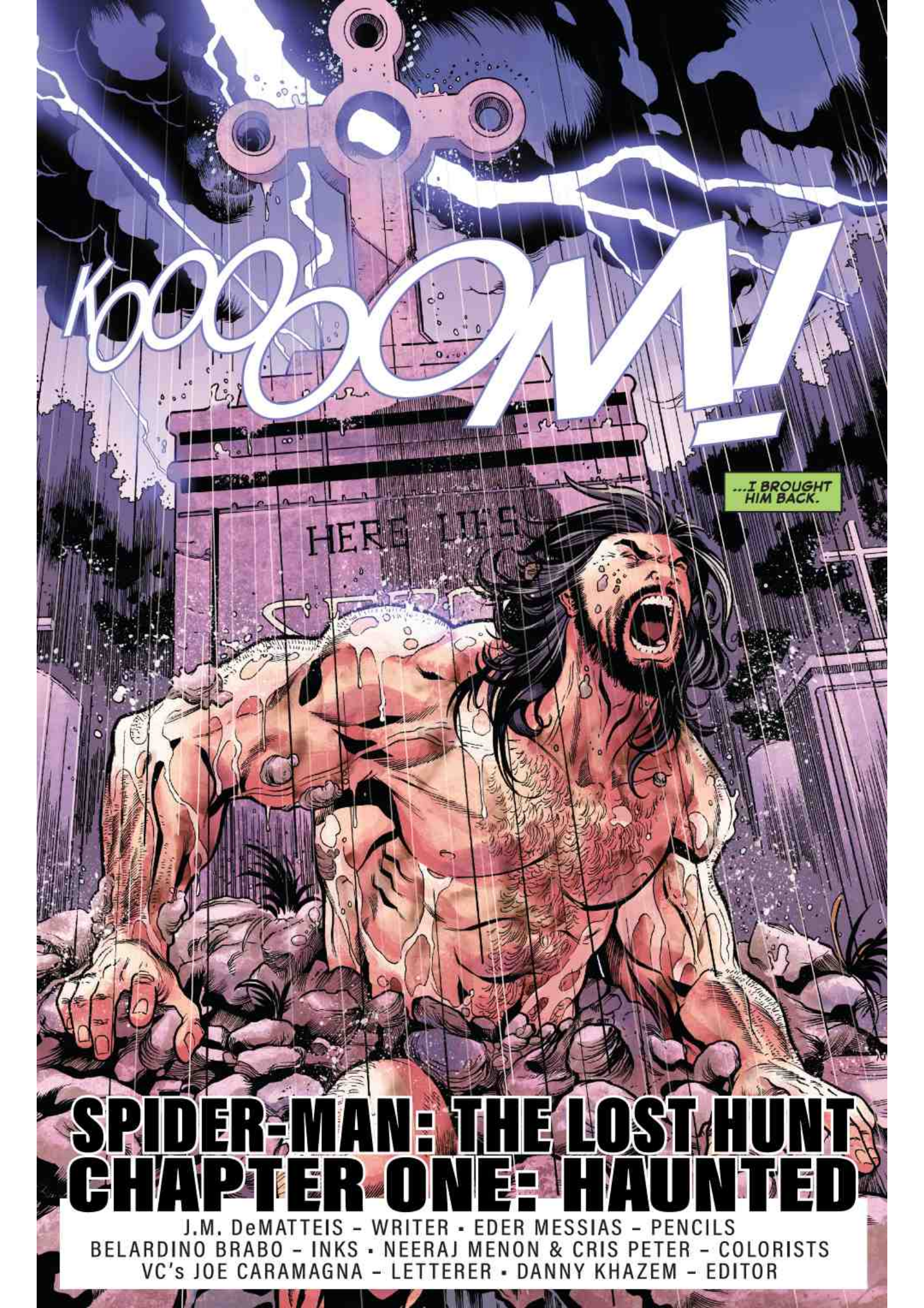
I KILLED
SERGEI
KRAVINOFF.

KRAAAAK

A GOOD DEATH.
A NECESSARY
DEATH.

AND AFTER I
BURIED HIS
LIFELESS BODY IN
THE GROUND...





BOOM!

....I BROUGHT
HIM BACK.

SPIDER-MAN: THE LOST HUNT CHAPTER ONE: HAUNTED

J.M. DeMATTEIS - WRITER • EDER MESSIAS - PENCILS
BELARDINO BRABO - INKS • NEERAJ MENON & CRIS PETER - COLORISTS
VC's JOE CARAMAGNA - LETTERER • DANNY KHAZEM - EDITOR



YOU'RE EXHAUSTED.
I'M NOT SURPRISED.



DYING IS AN EXHAUSTING BUSINESS.

BUT THERE'LL BE TIME TO RECUPERATE LATER. FOR NOW--



--YOU AND I HAVE WORK TO DO.

YES, I KILLED SERGEI--BUT THAT WAS NEARLY A CENTURY AGO. WHY, THEN...



...DOES HIS GHOST HAUNT ME STILL?

PORTLAND, OREGON.
A Few Years Ago...







ABOUT TIME.

MARY JANE, I--



SNEAKING OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT LIKE A **TEENAGER**? DID YOU REALLY THINK I WOULDN'T NOTICE?

I...I WASN'T THINKING AT ALL. I JUST--

JUST WHAT?

TALK TO ME, PETER.



HARD TO EXPLAIN.

TRY.



SINCE THE...THE INCIDENT AT **GARID LABS** THAT TOOK AWAY MY POWERS--



--I'VE BEEN OFF-BALANCE. **DISORIENTED**. GUESS IT MAKES SENSE.

I MEAN, HOW DO I EVEN BEGIN TO MAKE A NORMAL LIFE FOR MYSELF--

--AFTER SO MANY YEARS OF BEING **SPIDER-MAN**?



AS MUCH AS I THOUGHT I'D MADE MY PEACE WITH IT...A PART OF ME IS STILL **HOLDING ON.**

I FIND MYSELF GAZING OUT THE WINDOW EVERY NIGHT... FIGHTING THE URGE TO **SWING** OVER THE CITY--

--BOUND ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS.



AND, TONIGHT, THE URGE...IT WAS OVERWHELMING. SO I WENT. AND MJ--

--IT ALMOST **KILLED ME.** IT ALMOST--



SUCH A SMALL THING.



THE GENTLEST MOVEMENT, THE TINIEST KICK, OF OUR UNBORN CHILD...

...AND I'M OVERWHELMED-- BY THE LOVE I FEEL FOR MY WIFE, **OUR BABY**, AND THE **HOPE** WE HOLD...

...FOR THE **NEW LIFE** WE'RE BUILDING HERE IN PORTLAND.

"THERE'S NO RESPONSIBILITY," I TELL HER, "**GREATER** THAN THIS. AND I PROMISE...I **SWEAR**--"



--I'LL **NEVER** DO SOMETHING THIS STUPID AGAIN."

MARY JANE TAKES ME IN HER ARMS, COMFORTS ME AS ONLY SHE CAN...

...THEN DRIFTS OFF TO SLEEP.

BUT SLEEP
ELUDES ME.

MY MIND KEEPS SPINNING
BACK TO THE MOMENT
WHEN I ALMOST PLUNGED
OFF THAT ROOF. **WHEN I
ALMOST DIED.** AND I
SUDDENLY REALIZE--THAT
TERRIFYING SENSATION...

...IS
**NOTHING
NEW.**

THIS IS WHAT I'VE
BEEN DOING SINCE I
WAS **15 YEARS OLD**--
TAKING INSANE RISKS.
DANCING WITH DEATH.

AND IT FEELS AS IF
ALL THE FEAR, ALL THE
TRAUMA, THAT I'VE
HELD IN CHECK SINCE THE
NIGHT I WENT AFTER THE
BURGLAR WHO KILLED
UNCLE BEN...

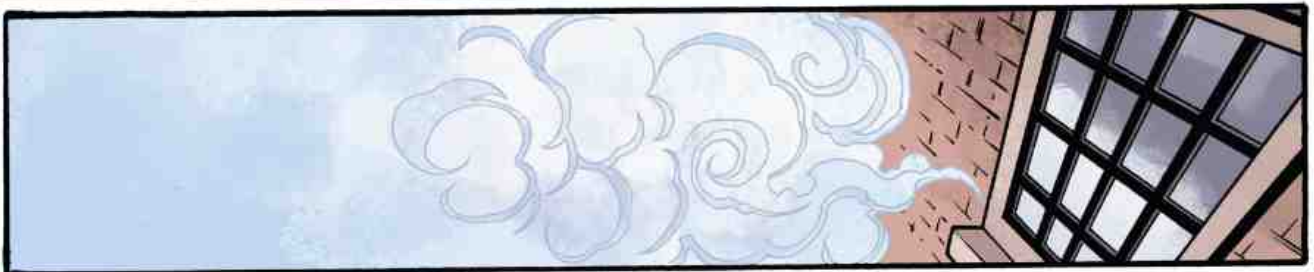
...HAS COME
**ROARING
OUT.**

I SEE THEM THERE IN
THE DARKNESS: THE
COSTUMED LUNATICS--
SOME **SUPERHUMAN**,
SOME MORE ANIMAL
THAN MAN--ALL OF THEM
UNITED IN ONE GOAL:

**MY
DESTRUCTION.**

ANXIETY BURSTS, LIKE A
RUPTURED ARTERY, IN MY
CHEST; SPREADS, IN PARALYZING
WAVES, ACROSS MY BODY. I
TURN TO MARY JANE, ALMOST
WAKE HER. BUT, NO--I CAN'T,
I **WON'T**, BURDEN HER
WITH THIS. BESIDES...

...I KNOW THIS
WILL **PASS**. ALL
THAT INSANITY
ENDED...



...WHEN I
STOPPED BEING
SPIDER-MAN.

"PETER--"



--CAN YOU GET THE DOOR FOR ME?

MY HANDS ARE A LITTLE FULL HERE, AND I'VE GOTTA GET TO SCHOOL BEFORE--



EARTH TO PETER...EARTH TO PETER--

HE'S BEEN LIKE THIS FOR DAYS NOW...

--COME IN, PETER!

...LOST IN HIS OWN PRIVATE WORLD.



PETER!

AND NOTHING I SAY OR DO...



...CAN PRY HIM OUT OF IT.

WHAT...?

I...I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T REALIZE! HERE--



--LEMMIE GET THAT.

HOW VERY CONSIDERATE OF YOU.

KNOCK IT OFF, M.J. SARCASM ISN'T GOING TO HELP ANYTHING.

WELL, MAYBE A LITTLE.

ARE YOU... UPSET ABOUT SOMETHING...?



I'M WORRIED, PETER. EVER SINCE THE OTHER NIGHT, YOU--

IT'S NOT THAT. IT'S JUST...WORK STUFF. I--

HE'S A TERRIBLE LIAR. BUT I DON'T HAVE TIME TO PUSH RIGHT NOW.

SPEAKING OF WORK-- YOU'D BETTER GET DRESSED OR YOU'LL BE LATE.



LOVE YA, HANDSOME!

LOOK AT THAT STRAINED SMILE. HE'S TRYING SO HARD TO PRETEND HE'S FINE. WHY?

BECAUSE HE THINKS HE'S PROTECTING ME.

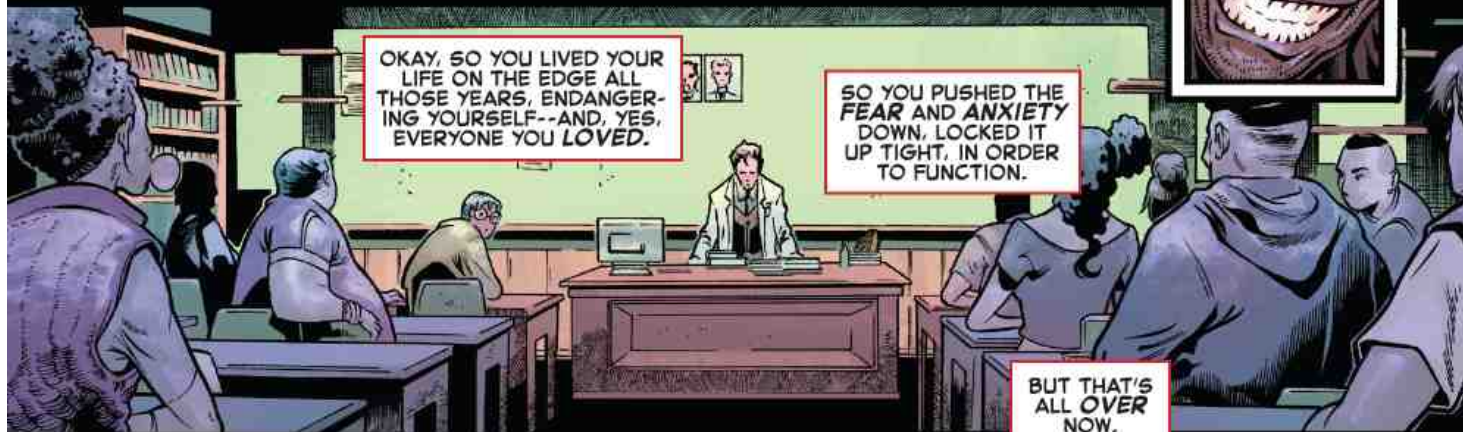




...IF IT WAS
EVER REALLY
HERE--WHICH I
SERIOUSLY
DOUBT.

GUESS THE
NIGHTMARES ARE
SPILLING OVER INTO
THE DAYLIGHT
HOURS NOW.

ALL PART OF THIS--
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO CALL IT.
THE SUPER HERO
EQUIVALENT OF
PTSD...?



OKAY, SO YOU LIVED YOUR
LIFE ON THE EDGE ALL
THOSE YEARS, ENDANGER-
ING YOURSELF--AND, YES,
EVERYONE YOU LOVED.

SO YOU PUSHED THE
FEAR AND ANXIETY
DOWN, LOCKED IT
UP TIGHT, IN ORDER
TO FUNCTION.

BUT THAT'S
ALL OVER
NOW.



YOU AND MARY
JANE ARE MAKING
A NEW BEGINNING
IN A NEW CITY.

YOU QUIT YOUR JOB
AT GARID, GOT A GREAT
GIG AS A TEACHING
ASSISTANT AT
PORTLAND PACIFIC.



LIFE'S GOOD, PETER.
NO--LIFE IS GREAT.
AND THAT'S A RARE,
PRECIOUS, GIFT. SO,
FOR GOD'S SAKE...



...DON'T LET
THE PAST
RUIN IT.



How long
have I been
like this?

Lost in a timeless trance,
my consciousness
expanded by herbs
and roots, powders
and potions, that few
would dare imbibe.

Reaching out *psychic*
fingers and digging them
deep--into Parker's
mind and heart.

Parker? No. Peter
Parker is just an
illusion, woven
around something
older than time:



The
Spider.

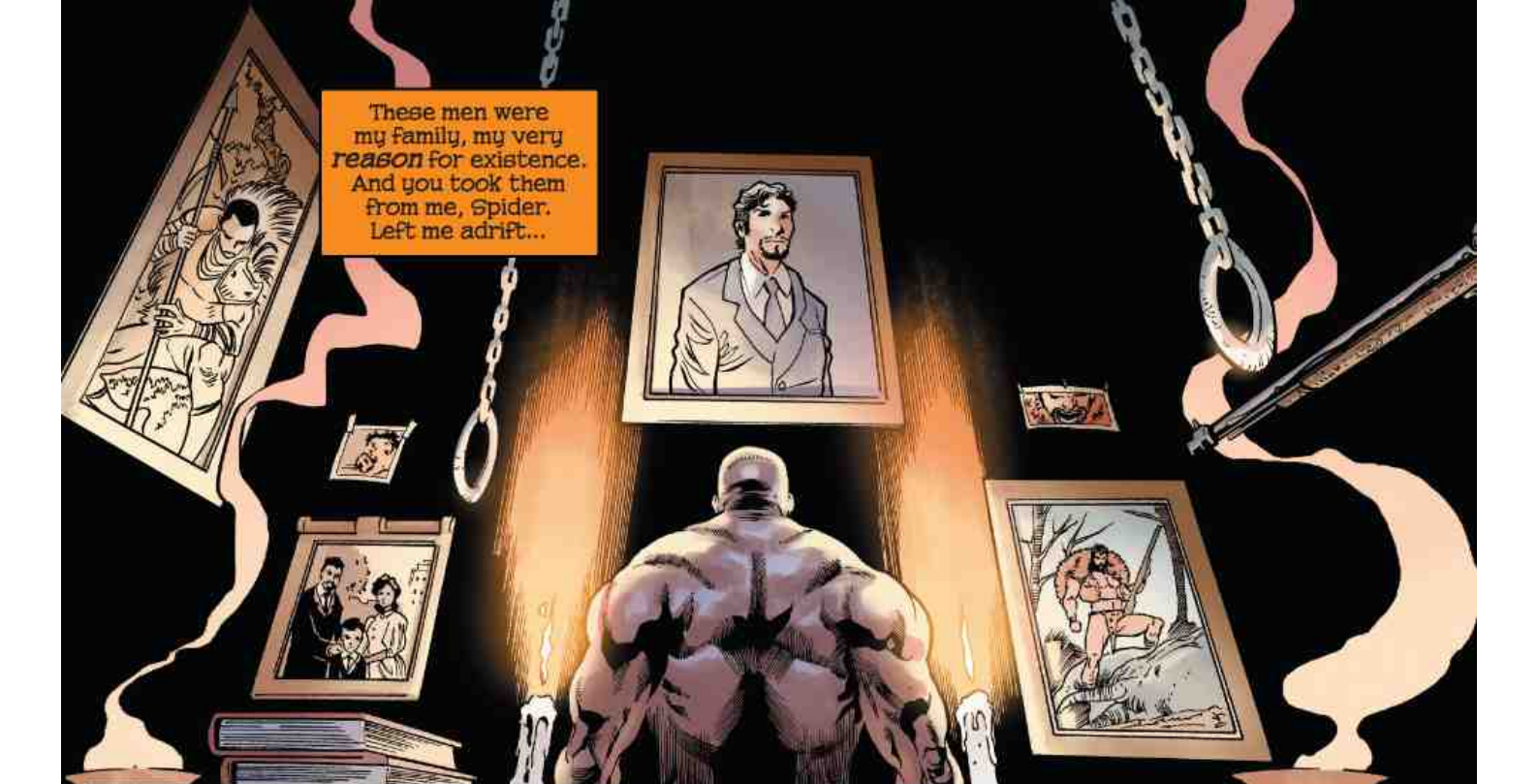


That left Sergei's
son--my beloved
student *Vladimir*,
the *Grim Hunter*--
broken and lifeless
in a pool of blood.

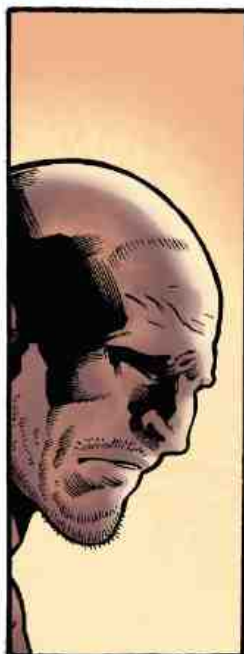


A malignant entity that
drove my dearest friend--
Sergei Kravinoff, Kraven
the *Hunter*--over a cliff-edge
of madness and down into
the eternal abysses.





These men were
my family, my very
reason for existence.
And you took them
from me, Spider.
Left me adrift...



...with *grief* and
fury as my only
companions.

So I breathe you in, then
breathe out *spite*. I breathe
you in, then breathe out *rage*.



I breathe you in,
then breathe out
loathing...



...and an undying desire for revenge.



It's taken time for me to hunt you down, find you hidden away in this city, where you're pretending to live an all-too ordinary life.



But you can't hide from *Gregor* any longer, Spider.

I'm hunched, like a gargoyle, in the shadowed corners of your psyche, turning over rocks...



...and unleashing the *beasts* concealed beneath them.

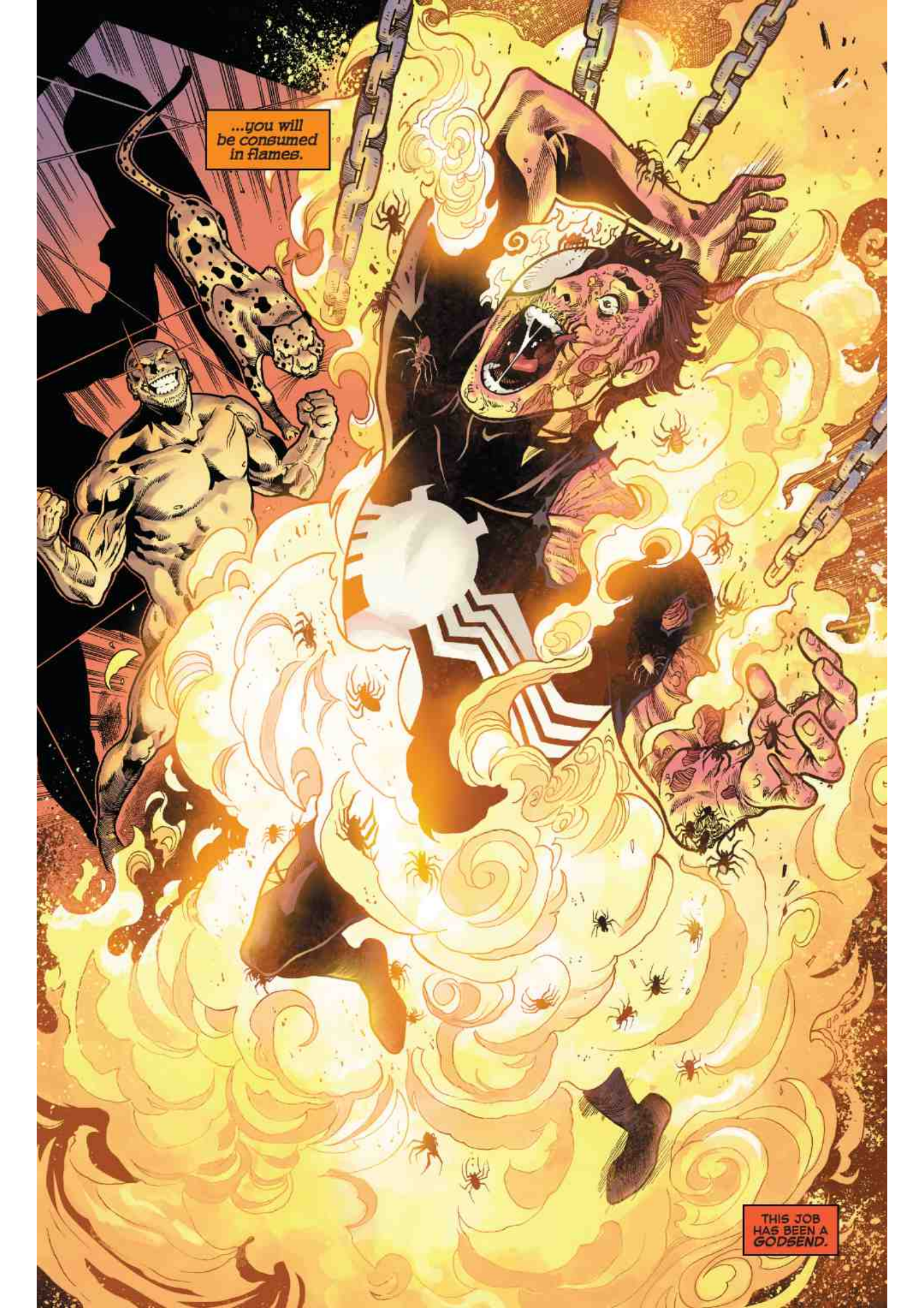


Ah, but what I've done so far is just the *spark*.



Soon...





...you will
be consumed
in flames.

THIS JOB
HAS BEEN A
GODSEND.

I JUST TOOK IT SO I COULD BRING IN SOME EXTRA CASH. I MEAN, TEACHING THEATER TO HIGH SCHOOL KIDS? NOT EXACTLY THE RUSH I GOT FROM ACTING AND MODELING.

VALJEAN AND JAVERT.

BUT I LEARNED PRETTY QUICKLY...

...THAT THIS IS SO MUCH BETTER.

ONE'S THE HERO, AND ONE'S THE VILLAIN, RIGHT? OR ARE THEY?

AREN'T BOTH MEN DOING WHAT THEY BELIEVE IS *RIGHT*? AREN'T BOTH MEN STRIVING TO UPHOLD WHAT THEY SEE AS *MORAL* AND *JUST*?

PETER AND THE REST OF THE MASKS-AND-TIGHTS CROWD, THEY'RE ALL ABOUT THE *GRAND GESTURE*. DROPPING A HOUSE ON THE BAD GUY'S HEAD. STOPPING THE ALIEN INVASION.

BUT WORKING ON THIS PRODUCTION--SEEING HOW EAGER THESE KIDS ARE, HOW INSPIRED, HOW *HUNGRY*, TO LEARN AND GROW...

REMEMBER THAT ACTING IS ABOUT HAVING UNDERSTANDING... *COMPASSION*...FOR EVERY CHARACTER IN THE STORY--

--SO-CALLED HERO AND SO-CALLED VILLAIN ALIKE. AND THOSE ARE SKILLS THAT WILL SERVE YOU WELL--

--NOT JUST ON THE STAGE--BUT IN EVERY ASPECT OF YOUR LIVES.

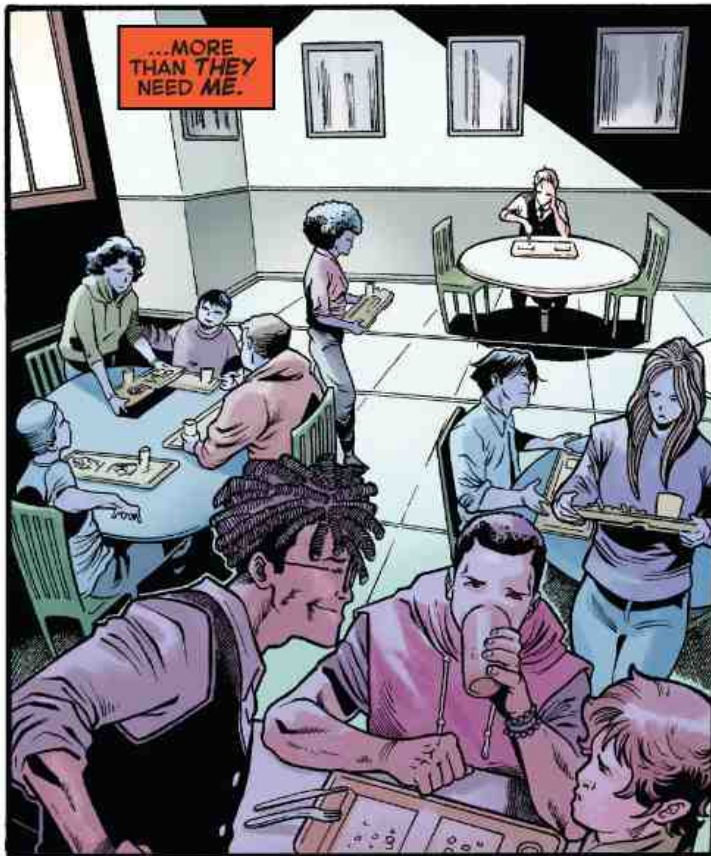
NOW LET'S DO SOME STRETCHES.

...HAS SHOWN ME THAT YOU CAN ALSO CHANGE THE WORLD...

...ONE HEART AT A TIME.

AND CONSIDERING HOW ALONE I'M FEELING HERE IN PORTLAND, HOW CUT OFF FROM OUR OLD FRIENDS--AND, LATELY, FROM PETER...

...I JUST MAY NEED THESE KIDS...



...MORE
THAN THEY
NEED ME.



MIND IF
I SIT...?

WHAT?
OH. UH--
--SURE.



YOU DON'T
SOUND
VERY SURE.

SORRY,
I WAS JUST--

BROODING?



THAT
OBVIOUS,
HUH?

NO JUDGMENT. I CAN BE
QUITE THE BROODER
MYSELF.

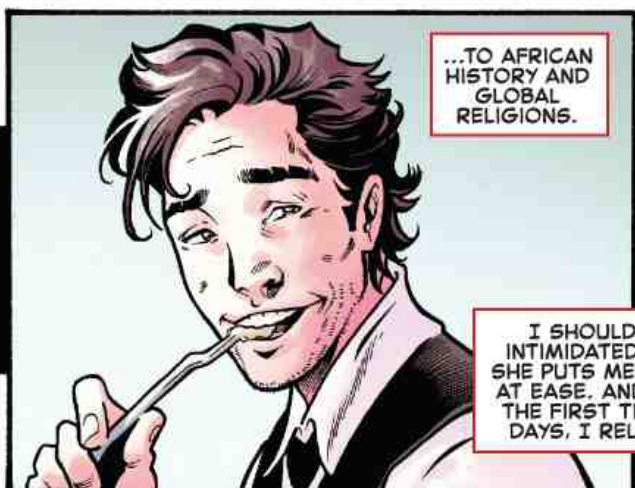
AND JUST
LIKE THAT...



...WE START TALKING,
LIKE OLD AND
DEAR FRIENDS.

HER NAME'S
TRACY MAKEBA, A GUEST
LECTURER AT PACIFIC.
AN INCREDIBLY
ACCOMPLISHED WOMAN:

A WORLD TRAVELER WHO'S
WRITTEN AWARD-WINNING
BOOKS ON EVERYTHING
FROM SCIENCE AND
PSYCHOLOGY...



...TO AFRICAN
HISTORY AND
GLOBAL
RELIGIONS.

I SHOULD BE
INTIMIDATED, BUT
SHE PUTS ME RIGHT
AT EASE. AND, FOR
THE FIRST TIME IN
DAYS, I RELAX...



...AND ENJOY A FEW
SIMPLE MOMENTS OF
HUMAN CONNECTION.



AND I REALIZE
HOW MUCH I'VE
MISSED THAT.

THIS HAS
BEEN NICE,
PETER.

HOPE I
GET TO MEET
THAT AMAZING
WIFE YOU KEEP
TALKING ABOUT.

YEAH--



--I HOPE SO
TOO.

AND IN THAT MOMENT,
I ALSO REALIZE JUST
HOW MUCH I'VE BEEN
PUSHING MJ AWAY...



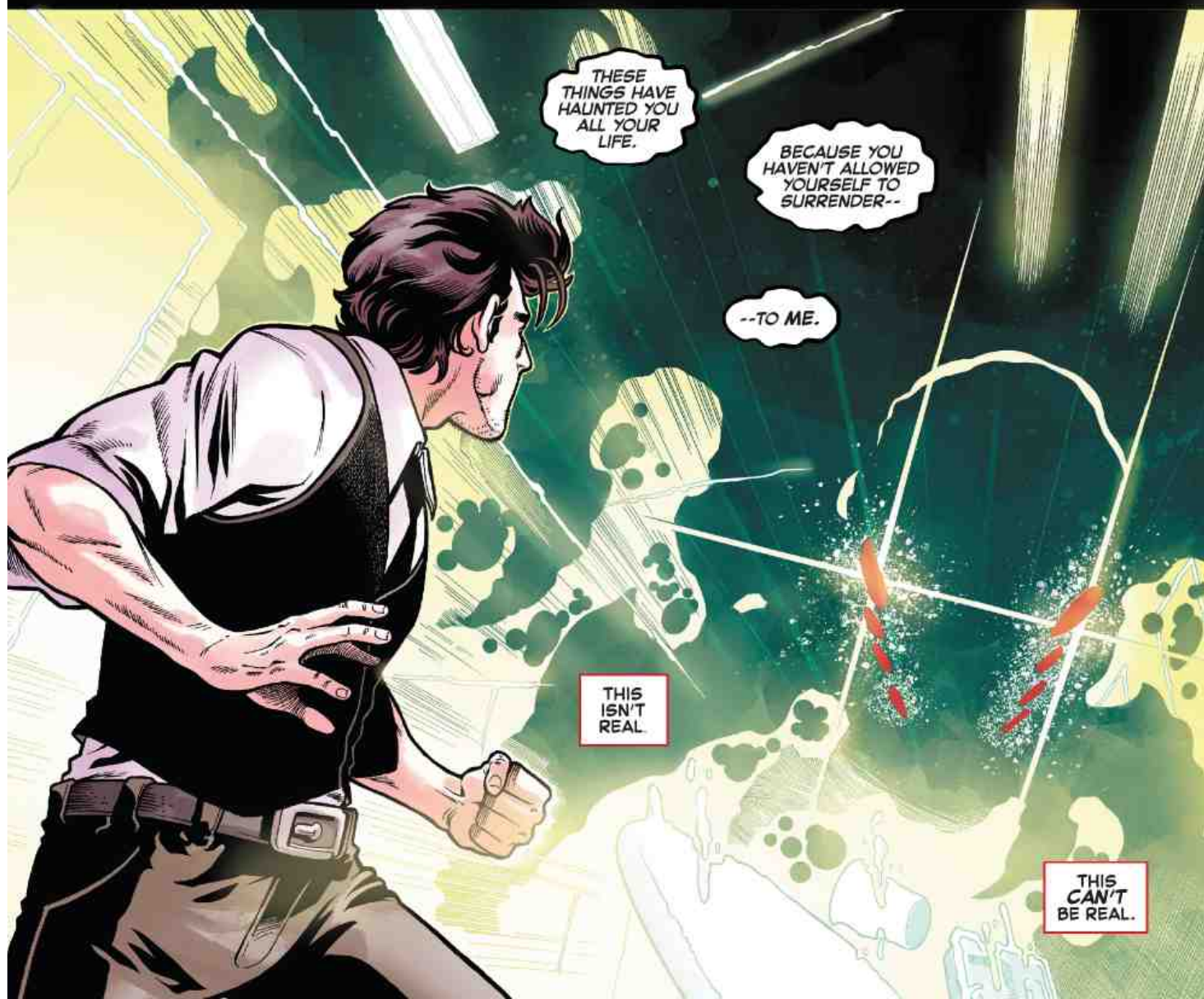
...AND I FEEL
OVERWHELMED
BY REGRET...



...AND
SHAME.

REGRET?

SHAME?



THESE
THINGS HAVE
HAUNTED YOU
ALL YOUR
LIFE.

BECAUSE YOU
HAVEN'T ALLOWED
YOURSELF TO
SURRENDER--

--TO ME.

THIS
ISN'T
REAL

THIS
CAN'T
BE REAL.



LOOK AT YOU.
JUST A BOY.
WEAK. FRAIL.

AND YET
I CHOSE YOU
TO BE MY
VESSEL.



DO YOU KNOW
WHAT AN HONOR
THAT IS? WHAT A
BLESSING?

APPARENTLY
NOT.

BECAUSE
YOU'VE REJECTED
ME, TIME AND
AGAIN.

BUT I'LL
HAVE YOU,
PETER.



I'LL
CONSUME YOUR
INDIVIDUALITY.
YOUR VERY
SELF.



WITH
THEIR
HELP.

YOU SEE THEM
AS YOUR ENEMIES--
BUT THEY'RE NOT.
THEY'RE YOUR
WHETSTONES.

SHARPENING
YOU.

TEACHING
YOU.



PREPARING
YOU FOR
UNION--





...THROUGH A WORLD THAT SEEMS STRIPPED OF TIME AND PLACE. FEELING THE THING'S BREATH ON MY NECK. THOSE EIGHT EYES EVERYWHERE--WATCHING ME.

WHERE WERE YOU?

AND WHEN I FINALLY RETURN HOME...



...IT ALL GETS WORSE.

I...AH... I NEEDED SOME TIME TO THINK, SO--

SO YOU SKIPPED OUT ON WORK WITHOUT TELLING ANYONE?

WITHOUT TELLING ME?



LOOK, PETER--IF YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME--

--AND YOU CLEARLY CAN'T--

--THEN CALL DR. KAFKA IN NEW YORK. SHE'S ALWAYS BEEN ABLE TO--



I DON'T NEED A PSYCHIATRIST!

I'M NOT CRAZY! I'M--



I'M SO SORRY, MJ. I DIDN'T MEAN TO YELL. IT'S JUST--

WHAT? WHAT IS IT?

I DON'T KNOW.

SIGH WELL, WHEN YOU FIGURE IT OUT--



--YOU BE SURE TO LET ME KNOW!



SLAM



I SHOULD
CALL DR.
KAFKA.

IF ANYONE CAN
SORT THIS OUT,
IT'S ASHLEY. SHE'S
ALWAYS BEEN ABLE
TO HELP ME WHEN--



HELP...?



YOU'RE
BEYOND HELP,
PETER.

YOU'RE LOST--
AND YOU'LL NEVER
FIND YOUR WAY
HOME AGAIN--

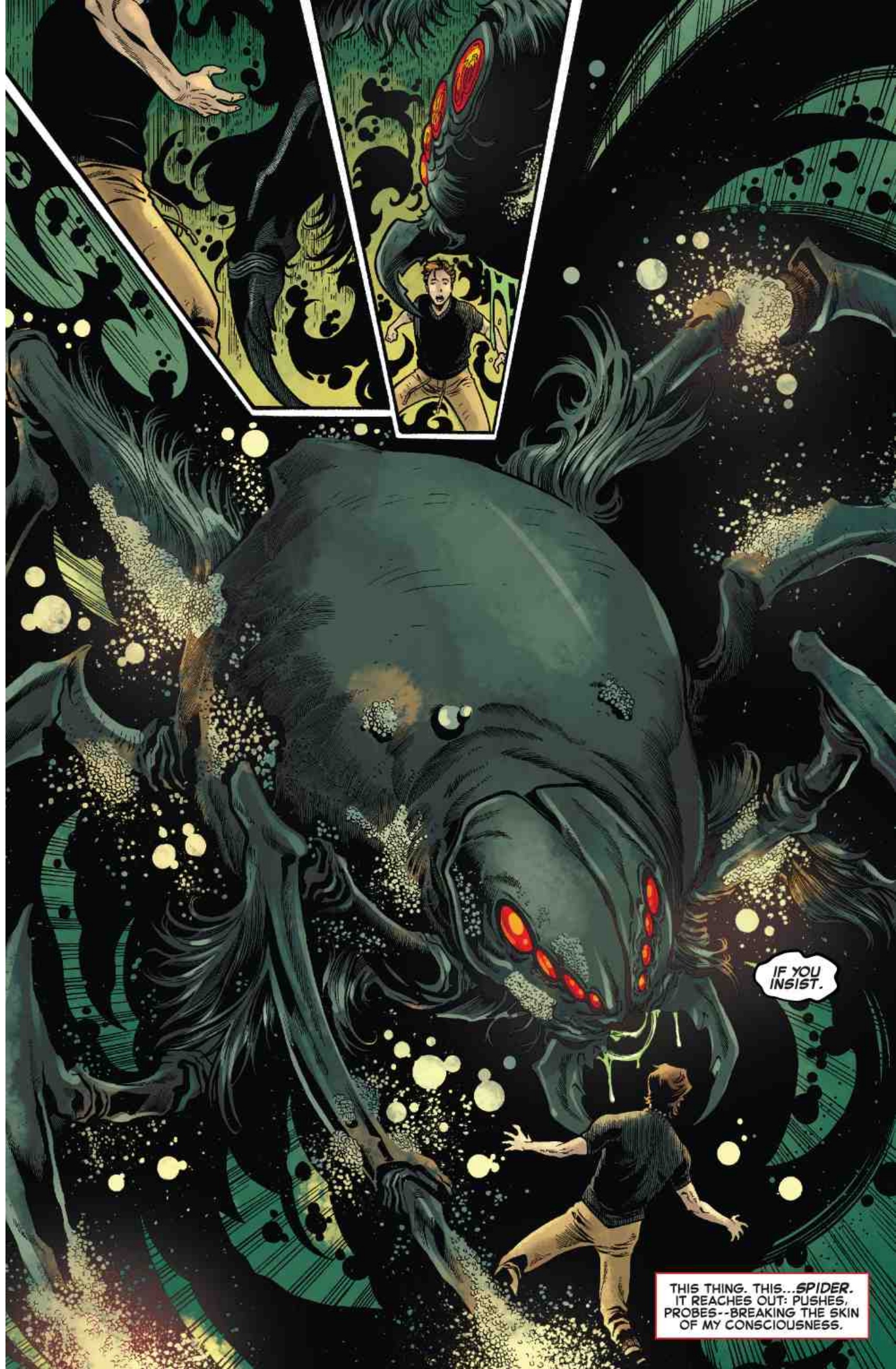


--WITHOUT
ME.

WHO ARE
YOU? WHAT DO
YOU WANT
FROM ME?

STOP HIDING
IN THE DAMN
SHADOWS--

--AND **SHOW
YOURSELF!**



IF YOU
INSIST.

THIS THING. THIS...**SPIDER**.
IT REACHES OUT: PUSHES,
PROBES--BREAKING THE SKIN
OF MY CONSCIOUSNESS.

CRAWLING
THROUGH
MY MIND!

RAAAK!

GET THE
HELL OUT OF
MY HEAD!

OH, PETER--
I'M NOT SOMETHING...
OTHER THAT CAN BE
CAST OUT.

I'M PART
OF YOU.

I'VE BEEN
A PART OF YOU
SINCE THAT FATEFUL
DAY. THAT FATEFUL
BITE--

TOOM!

--THAT
CHANGED YOUR
MISERABLE LIFE
FOREVER.

CAN THAT BE **TRUE?** HAS THIS THING BEEN LIVING
INSIDE ME ALL THESE YEARS? COURSEING THROUGH
MY BLOODSTREAM? POISONING MY LIFE?

"POISONING"?
YOU IDIOT!

I SAVED
YOU! TOOK A
HELPLESS
CHILD--

--AND
MADE HIM
A GOD!



RELEASE
YOUR ATTACHMENTS
TO THE PERSON YOU
THINK YOU ARE.

TO THE
FLESHINGS YOU
SO DESPERATELY
CLING TO.



THEY'RE
NOTHING BUT
OBSTACLES ON
YOUR PATH TO
GREATNESS. OUR
PATH.



NOW GIVE
YOURSELF TO
ME, PETER--

--MIND AND
BODY, HEART
AND SOUL.



AND ONCE
I'VE DEVoured
YOU, DIGESTED
YOU, WE'LL--
--WE'LL--



WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?



WHAT

ARE

YOU



No!

RRRIIIPPPPOOOOOW!

I HAVE
A WIFE! A
CHILD ON
THE WAY!
A LIFE!

**MY
LIFE!**

AND
I WON'T
LET YOU **TAKE**
IT FROM
ME!

DONUT



...STORMING
OUT LIKE THAT.

THAT'S THE KIND
OF THING YOUR
MOTHER USED TO DO.
BUT MELODRAMA NEVER
SOLVED A PROBLEM OR
SAVED A MARRIAGE.

PETER'S HURTING--
IN A WAY I'VE
RARELY SEEN...

...AND I CAN'T
LET MY OWN
ISSUES GET--



WHAT--

WHAT
HAPPENED
HERE?

THERE...THERE
WAS A THING A...
A SPIDER.

AND IT
TRIED TO KILL
ME...JUST LIKE...
JUST LIKE ALL THE
OTHERS TRIED...
FOR ALL THOSE
YEARS.

BUT I
STOPPED IT,
MARY JANE!
I--

DEAR
GOD.

WHAT
HAVE I
DONE?



--AND SOON WE WILL BREAK HIS BODY. FINISH WHAT SERGEI BEGAN--THAT NIGHT HE LAID PETER PARKER IN HIS GRAVE.



Welcome to the jungle, baby!

J.M. DeMatteis is BACK to tell an untold tale years in the making—the origin of **KRAVEN THE HUNTER**! But not only that, we get to witness the steps that Gregor took after the death of the Grim Hunter before reappearing in the pages of **KA-ZAR**! You may be saying, “Danny, what’s all this jibber-jabber? Gregor? Grim Hunter? Ka-Zar?” Well, dear reader, let me roll the clock back to the days of the 1990s, when grunge and alternative music was all the rage, and your Spidey comics came in four different flavors: **AMAZING**, **SPECTACULAR**, **SENSATIONAL**, and **ADJECTIVELESS**!



On the cusp of the “Clone Saga,” the Grim Hunter (son of the original Kraven the Hunter!) was introduced to fill the void left by his father, but he didn’t arrive in the pages of **SPIDER-MAN** alone—also introduced was the man who had stood by Kraven, in the shadows, helping him on his journey to become the Kraven the Hunter

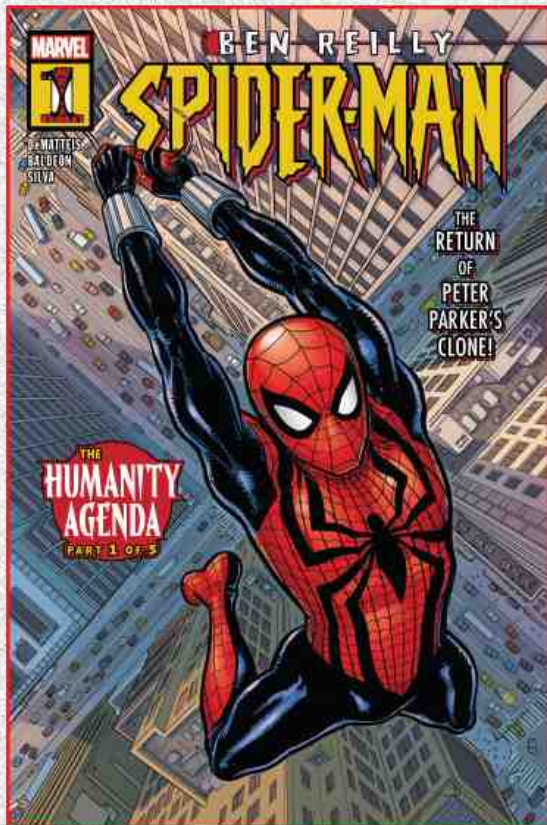
we all knew! His name was Gregor, and he continued that legacy after Kraven’s death by accompanying Vladimir Kravinoff down his father’s path. But once the wave of clones were unleashed on the books, Grim Hunter fell victim to the mark of Kaine and died in Gregor’s arms, leaving Gregor to vow revenge.



The next time we saw Gregor was in the pages of **KA-ZAR** (1997) where he was hired by Parnival Plunder to kill his brother, Ka-Zar. Gregor here looked quite jacked and ready to rumble—but how did he get there? Did he forget about his revenge? Fear not, as you’re now witnessing that rage fueled by the deaths of his best friend and surrogate son targeted toward the man who is to blame for it all: Peter Parker!

We also consider this a sister series to the **BEN REILLY: SPIDER-MAN** mini-series that came out earlier this year—think of it as the other side of the clone coin from the '90s; while you got to witness the adventures

of Ben Reilly in New York City, you now get to see what Peter was doing in Portland while all that was going down!



Anyway, we've got so many more twists and turns to come, so I hope you all enjoyed this first issue! If you did (or didn't!), feel free to send us an email with your thoughts, comments, or concerns at SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM and be sure to mark it "OKAY TO PRINT" and you might just see your letter in the back of a future issue!

Stay safe!
Danny Khazem
9.25.2022

CHECK OUT THE MASTERPIECE
COVERS ON THIS ISSUE!



Kyle Hotz & Rachelle Rosenberg



Ejiwa "Edge" Ebenebe

NEXT ISSUE:



#2 ON SALE DECEMBER!

